Between the Two Dams

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Poems from Kosi

Taranand Viyogi

Translation from Maithili by

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Author's Note

The voice of contemporary Indian poetry can only be heard in its entirety by adding poetry in Maithili to it. In this language, on one hand innovative poets like Vidyapati have written, on the other, in the 20^{th} century, a versatile poet like Yatri has done unique work. Nagarjun Yatri is anyhow popular as a major poet of Hindi. After Yatri, Rajkamal Chaudhary, Jeevkant and Kulanand Mishra have done great things. With that, Maithili Poetry has progressed in its continuation. The voice of Maithili poetry is a voice of a person from village. The potential and criteria of the poets have been their own, but in the end they all are people from village. They have globalism and nationalism in them, but they are the example that how these things have entered the village space. Along with that, they also have a thing like sub-nationality that they are Maithils. This can be considered as identity, but that is clearly seen in their poems.

There can be many people who say that Maithili is a language of Brahmins. This is completely false. But those who say that multiple times mean it in the sense of Brahmanism. By that what they mean is that the Maithili literature is a literary conspiracy to keep Brahmanism alive. I also have to say that this thing is also false. Maithili, in reality, is a literature of two different ethnicities. This has been described as the classical and folk streams. The Maithili literature of Folk stream can be found even older than Vidyapati. Clearly, its voice is anti-Brahmanism. Here, there is religious tolerance and a bias towards democratic values. It is not important to say that, this school of poetry is still in production. In that way in my poems, you can see the latest episodes of that tradition.

In my poems, Kosi comes quite often, sometimes with its name, and sometimes by being in its texture itself. Actually, it is a matter of a consciousness of resistance and optimism. Kosi is not just a river, which was called the sorrow of Bihar once. And after the independence by making a dam on the river, the people are left in agony. In reality, Kosi is a culture in its entirety, living, fighting and searching the path of the future. We see its different colours in the novels of Phanishwarnath Renu and Nagarjun. The history of the division which separates classical and folk in Mithila is quite old. This Kosi of folk was known also as *Pundravardhan Bhukti* in Gupta era. On the other hand there was *Tirpbhukti* which even now is known as Tirhut. *Pundravardhan Bhukti* was a made up name, which didn't make a mark, and today if you say Kosi, it's not just the river, but a particular area, a particular culture will come in front of you. Through the courtesy of my two young friends, Prabhat Jha and Atul Kumar Thakur, these poems are reaching you. I don't know how these poems have ended up and what will you think of them after translation, but it is my understanding that for a poet, poems are not just an address to one self, but also a cultural dialogue with the reader and a creative intervention between each other. That is why I have immense faith that this book reaching your hands will be a good incident.

– Taranand Viyogi

Translator's Note

In Rushdie's words we don't always lose in translation but can also gain. What we can't translate is the cultural syntaxes because they are inane, archived, with a stamp from the authorities who fix the interpretations of the language, which resists erosion. What we can translate is a being's connection to its environment. It is like the mud soil of Kosi free to get diluted in the river and flow to other places. You can find the same soil in Volga or Thames, rubbing its shoulders to the soil of Amazon or Nile, exchanging notes about the trials and tribulations of the people living along with the rivers. My attempt is to translate the essence of the lives of the people of Kosi, which the writer has captured with precision. Taranand Viyogi's poems in the collection capture images of the people living near the river sometimes in technical and sometimes like an abstract painting. It is not that all the poems in the collection mentions Kosi, but you cannot find a being without Kosi within him or her. I selected to translate poems in Maithili to English more for a personal reason, so that I understand the world living within the language which I speak everyday in my house. Hope people will gain more and lose less by reading the poems.

It wouldn't have been possible to collect and translate these poems without the guidance and time given by the poet himself, which was much more than any translator can ever ask for. I would also like to thank Shanker A. Dutt for his major inputs, Subhash Chandra Yadav for going through the material in detail, both of whom I bothered a lot to get things right, Kathakar Ashok (My Father) for giving me meanings of words which I could never find, Atul K. Thakur, the Editor, because of whom this book has become a reality.

– Prabhat Jha

Contents

How can my Mother Leave me?

With a lot of hope,
She gave me birth.

Thousands of dreams and expectations
So many hopes and wishes
Hovering around in her mind, all the time.
In those nine months
When I was in her womb.

In that span of time
All expecting mothers
Among the eighty four lakh *yoni*
Must have had a silent Rivalry.

Sculpturing her own existence
Carving Me, polishing...
as much she could
She gave me shape.

She gave her ultimate due
To this world
In my shape
And competed with mothers.

How can I believe
that my mother is dead,
has left me alone?

Till the time I'm alive
How can she leave me?

Apology

I was not a mirror
In the end, I was a plate,
In which, can't say how many had eaten.

I was merely a plate.

Whatever was projected
A lot of it I absorbed,
What I couldn't absorb
Only that was reflected

Even then,
You say,
My writing is bitter
My facts disturb,
hurt many

Hey Lok! Hey *Ved*!
Whatever you all gave me,
I am reflecting only that.
Although,
I was not a mirror

Eventuality

Against rape
I write a strong poem
And I want
That the rape should stop.

I forget that
The rapist, whoever it is,
Will not be reading my poem.

What a man I am!
I'll sit on the bed, comfortably
Will only write poems.
Then how won't I forget?
Even if I become great,
I can at most be,
An Academy poet?

When I hold a Pen

First gets erased:
All my worries, my enmity, conflicts
Anger of the heart.
The devil naughtiness of mind
Bids adieu in a moment.

The fort of loneliness,
Is destroyed.
The castle of villainous ego
Disappears after being devastated,
In a moment.

All that happens,
Everything happens,
In a single moment.

Quite quickly.
Opens the door of emptiness
The bondage of life, the ties of heart.

Opens,
As if the dam of Kosi has broken.

With a lot of force, it floods a few things,
A lot of things...
Lots and lots of things,
In my life, in my soul,
In the forest of my mind,
It fills with force a lot of things.

When I hold my pen
When the pen holds me

I am no Less

A book written by me,
Stares constantly,
At me.

What a scene!
Teaching me the forgotten alphabets,
Teaching me about language and society,

And,
I am also no less!
Trying to decipher.

But Whom?
Whom shall I decipher?

The book?
Or Myself?

Whatever,
I am only trying to decipher,
In detail.

I am no less either.

The Book

Book! You remain like that
Inside the cabinet.

You keep looking at me constantly,
You keep tearing apart my emptiness
You keep tearing apart my loneliness.

Book, you are my past,
You are my future,
You will be my present, book.
When the evening will arrive.

I am sweaty,
I am breathing heavily,
My body is breaking down with the labour.
For food, for house, for the cloths
I work all the day.

On the other hand,
The Janus faced hunters,
Are making uproar all around.
Those urinating in their house,
Are getting awarded with the great gallantry award
Look, Book,
The pens are getting extinct.
The glasses, kept inside the box.
The urine of the Janus Faced,
Is dissolving the paper.

In that case, Ah!
How and where will you live?
Who'll save you, Book!

Wait, I'll be back before the evening,
You are my past,
You are my future.

Epistemology

The one who is entangled,
In the dilemma of good deeds bad deeds,
Read the Penal code

The blind, read Political Science
The deaf, Sociology.

Those whose body-mind is tired
Whose shoulders are tired,
Read Astronomy.

Those who only worship mouths and genitals,
Read, with concentrated mind,
Kama Shastra.

The executioners, rapists, should read Archaeology
Politicians – officers Anthropology.

Those who feel their life has no significance
Read poetry, with some enthusiasm.

But I, will only read you, *Jeevanmani!*
From your eyes I'll learn grammar,
From your ears musicology.

Eh! Wasted a lot of time in studying, unnecessarily.
Now I'll study
The light,
Spread all around you.

For Welcoming the Coming Century

The writings of my own,
The ideology of my own,
I should live,
I should wear it on my body like life.

If I can't do that,
Then I should leave pen and paper.
Should leave the fictional world of a poet.
And grow wheat on the two *katthas* of land.
Grow vegetables in the kitchen garden all around.

If that too is not possible
Then I should start a shop to make people bald
In Gandhi Chowk.

But I should do something
I should definitely do something
To welcome the coming century.

Listen Viyogi

Will pass like this,
Will pass,
Because, besides passing,
The time knows nothing else.
Will you also pass like this?
If you can, then try to
stop this agony of time.
If you aren't able to divert it in a specific direction.
You are a void, will remain a void,
Viyogi.

Since there are no features,
No structure of time,
Will you be able to measure it according to your achievements?
You don't have the tape,
So how can you measure it?

Hold a rifle or a pen,
But, you definitely hold something,
Dilemma sucks out the life.

Listen Viyogi
Your poems even now
Oscillate between the two poles.

If you want to break,
Break that philistinism first,
Which has been created by
Your village, your teacher
Your grandfather, your education

Your childhood, your laziness.
If you want to divert
Then divert the direction of time.

Listen Viyogi,
The twenty four hours,
Is given to you every day.
If you can't even divert it towards creation,
Then how will you be able to destroy that dictator,
Whose roots,
Are spread around the seven seas,
twenty eight nether regions.
A Moment of Leisure
No bonus, my lord, no package
No budget, no gudget.

If you are giving something
Then give me,
A few moments of leisure.

Even when I am alive,
In this self-destroying civilization,
I hope to create some creation.

Fortification

My friend has a gland,
Because of wound
And I, can't sleep, because of *dankal*

I can't eat food properly
Because of Somalia
Can't even smile a bit
Because of Taslima

Look, my health is not good,
Because of Doordarshan,
I'm not able to take a bath
Because of Sardar Sarovar

I am in severe pain, brother.

My mind wandering around
All the time
because of *mandal-kamandal*
As if,
I must wear full sleeve
Because of Pooja Bhatt

Ganges

I could never flow along with you.
Never even tried once.
In my vast stream, to flow with you.

Entangled in aquatic fungus of the pond,
Sunk motionless, inert.
Remained perturbed by creator's mast.
Never did I try
to flow with you
to go to my golden field
In the root of the crops
To spray the lightening *mantra* of my experience.
That it should not grow bombs.
The sound of the walk of my joyous son shall grow.
Ever flowing smile of my beloved, base of life, should grow,
Leisure should grow for my weak father.
I never tried.
Your existence is a lot grander than that – Ganges
What I can drink from my eyes.
Much bigger than my conscious world
A lot bigger
Is your each and every son –
The balance of my soul weighs
The dust in their feet.
The eye inside my eyes in the wind, here and there
Is looking at the fragrance of their personality.
Little-little my feet
Are analyzing the softness of their presence
on the narrow path of the village.

But from which mouth shall I say,
Never did I attempt
To smear the dust
of their feet all around my body
And flow with you.
Never did I inhale their fragrance in my breath.
In the direction of softness
Never attempted to walk constantly.

Never with you
I could flow
Never ever attempted once
To flow in my vastness, with you.

A Song of Lament for Mithila

1

Blank pages upon pages,
Unscripted, my life passed,
in vain.

Inhibiting myself, the sheer waste
of vital life,
hurrying always,
never hearing my footfalls.

If I had made a picture of my foot
smeared with vermillion in each page,
That page wouldn't have been less moving than a poem.

Each of our feet, often
Manifest the peak of Everest.
Its path, a compelling entertainment

2

Always protecting
To stand firm
After years of servitude.

Did Mithila ever warn me?
The one who lived in my hair lock
Like Ganges.
Its soft ripples,

Vapourized from my own conscience.
But did she ever enlighten me?

That is the biggest trouble
The frenzy of global pace
Never gave me the leisure
To enter the vastness of my soul.

I want to address you Ramanath Babu
Why didn't I get the leisure
To open the treasure box of my share?
When both, the key and the box belonged to me
In which all the identity of my soul was locked.

Why couldn't I open it?

3

This poem is making me sad
It must be poignant for you too.

If the poem starts making you sad
It means
That it demands
to come back into your consciousness

Why couldn't I open the box?
Why didn't I get the leisure?

Why did consciousness elude me for years?
Kept empty so many pages?

It's strange,
The place where I left the nineteenth century
Even in the twentieth
The twenty first
And The twenty second
Will exit at the same place.

The ox of the oil crusher?

No, no
That bull doesn't exist any more
I need to find some other metaphor.

But am I not the complete irony
Metaphor-symbol-proverb of my own?

4

Mithila was flowing in my vein
Like the corpuscles of red blood

We people
didn't ever hide ourselves from others.

But, isn't it unfair,
Whenever I was wandering in the woods
Did Mithila ever told me the direction?

Whenever someone is wandering in the woods,
The path is realized from within the self
– that's one thing.
Second, that our consciousness,
Scripts the history as transition of age.

But nothing happened even with the existence
Of Mithila.

Had I left my wits?
The way people are unaware
About the mechanics of respiration.

5

When I open my eyes and watch,
I see large mounds
Vast sprawling riverine deltas,
Cluster of skulls,
Shouting for their own sake.

I see,
Far away in the horizon, mast of a ship
Which is making its way through the sea,
Dimming the sight,
Slowly.

Is that the Mithila of the twentieth century?
Or our entire past, entire memory, entire heritage,
on its last journey?

6

These trees were born
From the loam soil of my being,
Whose branches and leaves I hewed
And fed to my cattle.

I wore King Shiv Singh's turban
As a loin cloth in my solitude

In my solitude,
I never wanted to hear my voice.
Mithila resides in my body-soul.
But I am so addicted,
That I've scraped my body-soul
and thrown it like a sacrificial wood
into the flame of unconsciousness

7

The whole world, the whole country,
The whole society,
Has worshipped my insensibility,

For the unconscious can become a good consumer.
Roaming self-absorbed in the market
Since the whole world is enveloped by businessmen,
In this grand theatre,
I am playing the part of a good consumer.

It's a different thing
That the broken, debilitated Mithila
Is shivering inside my own soul
Like a *pipal* leaf all the time.

The whole world is
Worshipping my unconsciousness.
Although,
If I had hung the picture of
My own feet smeared with vermillion
All over my room,
the reason of my rebirth.

Son of the Soil

You have written brilliantly! Amazing!
Great work! Absolutely fit.

You recognize each of my vein – you do recognize.
You have seen each and every expression clearly.
You are the witness of every deed of mine.
Was I ever able to hide it from you?
When did I obstruct it?
You have written correctly.
You have seen me all naked.

Since I am a son of the village, surely I'll be rustic.
Did I ever got the skill to cut and throw Kosi's sludge
from my heart and wear the cloths of concrete?
Since I am a son of the village.
I'll carry my childhood on my shoulders all my life.

That can be something else
But you have written correctly that you saw me all naked.
Since I am a son of the village, I'll walk around all naked.
Will have to remain naked.
The invention of cloths is for you, my citizen friend.

Home

Where is my home?

Wherever it is
There, only an abode
Wherever it is
There, only a building
People and people, things and things

One wish, left
Another, right
Keep working, O my mind, keep working!
Or get buried, under the concrete.

If a home is my dream,
It's your dream too,
O Mister Jogilal!
When will this dream take a shape?

I am wandering inside my house,
For my home.
Do check,
How much your house
resembles your home!

Wherever you get Food

Analyzing different types
of social, psychological securities
Jogilal,
Built a two storied building.

When he started living in the upper floor,
There came the light.

Watching the light gathered,
One after the other, brave:
Insects, flies, small and smelly ones

Wherever you get food, you exist.
This law,
Is not a law of the Indian Government,
In which there will be more holes than sections.
Reached, the group of insects, flies.
Then came from behind, Mister Frog.

And, on Jogilal's two storied today
The great King Cobra himself appeared.

Again, the same thing,
Wherever you get food, you exist.

Jogilal is in deep sadness.

Ho Mister Jogilal
What will you do now?
For how varied a sadness
will you die in a single life?

Helpless Jogi

Today a case, tomorrow bail
This, a politician's pride
The comfort these Janus faced get.
Who else will experience?

Now Congress, Now RSS
There now, with the Caste
Wherever is the people's mandate
There the kite flies.

Helpless is Jogi
Watching the game constantly
Now repents, now feels sad
Distribute the sweets of votes.

Jogilal

Jogilal's exemplary work
Thirst inside, water beside

Through hereditary, loads of money
But nothing in the hand.
A lot of talking
But never takes a stand.
Quite vulnerable is Jogi,
Towards the ailments of this age

Jogilal has three symptoms
Homesick, poverty stricken.
The core of era, he never understands
Laments even now for forefathers.

Can't think about the path ahead
When in distress, hides in bed.
An amalgam of five crores.
But ready for destruction.

Tell me, whose name is Jogi?
In their own village one should search,
Whoever tries to find 'Jogi'
Will find Jogi inside them.

Death will ask for Life

When death will come,
It will ask from you
your life.

If the life won't be with you, Mister,
From where will you give it to him, speak!

Hasn't arrived,
Till now, the death hasn't arrived.
Why do you die like this, everyday?
Eh! You too are doing extreme.

Jogi ho!
When Death will come,
It will first ask
Your life.

The Resident

"Are you there? The Resident?"
Called from the door,
A friend of mine
I am in the residence.
In the residence, sitting on the bed,
Watching the sparrows, continuously.

The sparrow has made its nest, in the thatch
In the nest, four five children,
And with them,
It's talking delightfully.

And I am delighted, to watch them
I am, in my residence,
And the sparrow, in its own

"Are you there, the resident?"
Again, shouts the friend

Eh! How great would it be,
That the sparrow could answer for me,
Come come my friend, you're welcomed.

The Birds bring Sunlight

The way a huge tree is hidden inside a seed,
In this body of mine
Is hiding an infinite, unfathomable
Energy.

But, that is just for saying.

Lying on my bed
Till the late morning
I sleep carelessly, everyday.

Lying on bed.
And, there… outside
Birds make noise,
A hue cry, like thunder bolt.
Breaking heads, dropping bodies
How many fronts they win,
can't say.
And in the end,
It does bring the Sunlight.

All of you know,
All of you
To fight,
The dead darkness, these days.
How important is the sunlight
For me, for everyone.

Just a food for thought.

But,
I keep lying,
And the birds bring the sunlight.

Comparison

A sacred fig tree is quite playful,
Even during a gentle breeze,
It starts dancing with joy

But, the mango tree, quite serious
O Mister! Are you only the king of the fruits?
Or of the entire universe,
That you are so serious?

But the Quince tree
has nothing to do with these things.
It moves its head slowly slowly,
As if listening to Bhimsen Joshi's
Rag Bhim Palasi.

The pomegranate tree, so small,
Enjoying, in being that.
Like Bhairaveshwar Jha and Taranand Viyogi
Making a pair.
Unnecessary laughing echoing laughter

But that lawn grass,
The most powerful person.
– "Laugh brother Baijanti,
Laugh, with your flowers"
But that grass pundit is so happy
With its existence only.

Not in the leaves, but in the soul,
Lives the greenery.
Like in poetry, Jeevkant.
No one is small.
No, you can't compare anyone to anyone,
No unnecessary brainstorming.

See,
Yesterday a fleet of goats grazed all day
But, how much these lawn grass are excited
As if festivity is oozing out of their veins.

Have you ever seen the life music in such depth anywhere?

After failing of a Rail Engine in an Isolated Area

I look deep in the horizon,
No being anywhere,
No walls either,
No factory chimney.
Smoke comes from nowhere.
Not even from a cry.

Who rules this vast region?

I came out of the train,
Don't know how many bird-friends,
Eh! How straight those trees are.
I tried to remember,
Have I ever seen a place with such greenery?
So many plants in my life?

Tender little grass,
Head held with pride,
Became joyous after looking at me.

I entered a bush and plucked
A clutch of forest flowers,
I'll make a necklace of it,
And garland the globe in my room.

Gentle, soft, fresh breeze
Entwined with each and every part of my body,
Excited me,

I took all the fresh air
deep into my lungs
through my trachea.
Don't know how much mortality
I had conquered.

How large is this earth for me?
As huge as I can enlarge my lungs
After taking this fresh air.

Besides that, a flowing, narrow river
Oh! How well built…
Thin, so sensuous.
If Kalidas had come
He would have written *Vetra Vati Akhyan* again.

I had returned to the train.

There,
In separate bogies,
The people are worried,
When will the engine arrive?
When will people reach their graveyard?
Such a trouble,
Such a problem,
Till when we have to be here, isolated…
Till when?

Convicted in their own dilemmas
Imprisoned in their bogies.

Outside –
People in this isolated silent place,
Plants-bushes-trees-river,
Laughing,
Bestowing blessings.

Advice

You, live your life a little more carefully,
Collect honesty from all around
and store it in your heart.
At least someone, on this earth
Who'll wear, though like tattered cloths,
Honesty and duty.

Do not shrink inside the slough of a long dead snake
Or survive the upheaval in the stomach of development
Leave other things
Just light a lamp.
And keep it burning.
The light should not clash with the darkness
And the lamp too,
not swallowing its own light.

You will never
Definitely not
Sell your father's helplessness.
If those who believe that tradition is a corpse of a dead cow
don't call their father a father,
Then they don't call him a pet dog as well.

You decide
That you'll call fire a fire
You decide
You won't call urine, holy water of Ganges.
Make it clear
That the poisonous river of system

Which goes through my blood
May go towards you
and mix with your blood as well.

Never flow in it
Never, absolutely not.
If you want to flow
Flow in the stream of Kosi.

Kosi is extremely capable, son,
The ivory tower
of the System
made in thirty seven years,
Can be destroyed by it
In a moment.

It's not necessary,
That you read Kalidas, Shakespeare,
Gorki or Sartre.
Or you read Yatri, Rajkamal or Jeevkant
But, you should definitely read,
The thirteen hand long,
hungry intestine of Anup Mahto.
He died on your birthday, son.
He had asked for potato curry and rice.
The people had laughed.
He is dying, but…
His desire is still alive.

How much shall I tell you now?
You will understand later.
That the life can't be read like a book.
The way a true poem
Can't be created without honesty.

You should live your life more carefully,
Do not remain untouched,
like the basic problem of India.
Do not cry in the name of vitality.
And never believe
That your father was that coward individual
Who neither lived a life, carrying a torch
Nor drank the poison of revolution.

Don't burn slowly
behind the smoky fire.
Live illuminated,
Even if for a couple of moments.
The base of the future is in the darkness of the present
Accept it like me,
Pankaj!
My son!

The Girls Worshipping Gauri

When the girls worship Gauri
By becoming the dew drops,
Their pathos
falls on the edge of the earth.

It's different
That even earlier the wind
used to soak the moisture of dew drops
and on the earth, only it's ripples reached.

If you look with concentration
The time when the girls are worshipping Gauri
Those with conscience become timid.

The whole earth is managed
By these girls with their weak ripples
Though the truth is that,
all the girls on the earth do not worship Gauri.

But,
if the girls worshipping Gauri can do so much,
Then how many ripples can those who light fire can make?

No Sir, no,
The ultimate truth is that
Our earth is safe, even now.

How will Sita Dai?

(After watching Mahendra Malangia's play 'O khali Muh Dekhai Chhai')

In the front and behind, the porter
In the middle, the bearer,
In this way, Sita Dai will go to her in-laws

Lying on a bamboo plank
Pilled on the dung heap.
Younger brother will light the pyre.
No one else will come along

The sleep of Maithils won't break
Whatever is left, that'll be looted.
Everyone will build his own hell
Will take a long bath with daughter's blood.

Tilak, dowry, won't be left
This ailment will eat the region.
Someday, Rama a butcher
Janaka too, now an enemy.

How will Sita Dai go to her in-laws?

Of how many she'll bear weight?
Of how many she'll meet hunger?
Why won't she be killed in womb?

Thus Spoke Vidyapati

Where has it gone? Where has it gone?
Where has my life gone?
Where has the music in my life gone?
And the light destined to me
And the rights of my part
And the dignity of my own.?

O Vanmali!
Thrilled by your gentle caress
I had slept a sound sleep,
And was lost enjoyably inside myself
I had felt such secure from outside
In your lap.

Such trust,
I had such trust in you
That I had forgotten everything, my beloved.

Now,
I am awakened from your slap,
Then I realize
I can't see my life anywhere
Where is it hiding, the dawn of my life?
Where is my energy? Where is my enthalpy?
My rhythm *Kanhai*!

I searched and searched everywhere
I can't find any help
O! you too do something,
My dear.

Hey Yeah I found it!
There I found my struggle
There my tears, there responsibility.
But oh,
I can't see my life, my fragrance
Where is it hiding my music, my pride?

Poet Vidyapti says –

From different ways
With different tactics
You shrewd *Murari*
Stealing the rights of women
Should give your devotees blessings.

Woman's World

Woman's one world
Inside her,
Another world,
Outside.

Inside –
Different kinds of,
Flowers, gardens,
Outside –
Difficulties.

Inside –
A Radha
A Kanhaiyya,
Outside –
Janak helpless,
Rama heartless.

O Mister Jogilal,
If you ever understand woman
Understand her like this,

A world for her
Won't be like it is
For you,
Those who will hold themselves for a while
To walk for her
Will belong to her.

If the woman remains in this creation,
She will remain like this
Even if,
She tells you
Or not.

Someone will Cross the Line of Conscience

May your god makes you believe?
The nature gives you assurance
Each and every follower of the forest deity.
Should make you insist.

Hey Sita
No one can cross the line of Lakshmana.
Neither an ant, nor an insect
Neither a snake, nor a rat
Neither a God, nor a demon
Neither a being, surely not a being.

Everyone knows,
Everyone, everyone.

Ardhanarishwar

You only came for two days
Stuck your *Bindi* on the wall.

Is this a *Bindi* or your heart?
When I touch it,
It beats.

How can it happen?
That I'll be somewhere,
And you won't be there?
If it happens then let it be
But, how can you accept it?

When I watch the *Bindi*
I see your forehead
When I touch my cheeks
I feel I touched yours

Maakhan, Eat Makhana*

Maakhan, eat Makhana
But,
How will Maakhan eat Makhana?
If Maakhan eats Makhana?
Then how will the food enter
in the mouths of eight people?

If Jogilal sells Makhanas
Then the house will get oil-salt.

Maakhan won't eat Makhana.
He will eat corn bread.
If Maakhan starts thinking about Makhana
He won't even get corn bread.

O Mister Jogilal
Maakhan will eat makhana
He has read in the book.

If Maakhan will eat Makhana
Then you also do something.
You hit and pop one and quarter ser of makhana
Now hit and pop one and half *ser*.
Increase your effort,
Save a little
Maakhan is your son,
Your lovely son.

O Mister Jogilal
Maakhan will definitely eat Makhana
He has read in the book.

* *Maakhan, eat Makhana* ('Maakhan Makhan Kha' in Maithili) was the name of the first part of the course book 'Maatipaani' published for the Darbhanga district total literacy program.

My Village remembered me a lot on Fagua Day

In my village there is a lot of chaotic fun on *fagua* day.
Forgetting everything, those rowdies
jump on the body of each other and say – *'Ra Ra',*
From their rooftops, people splash buckets and buckets of colours.
And shout – "!Its Holi!"
So, those rowdies
and all those people,
Remembered me a lot this time.
They missed a joyful audience, this time.

The *Kirtanias* played a lot of beats,
Tearing apart the age, bringing it to *Dwapar*,
Sometimes *Treta.*
The Gopis, smearing colour on the body of Krishna there.
Here Rama is playing Holi with Sita in deep enjoyment.
Gauri surrounds Shiva…
Riding the ox going towards the crematorium.
And smear colour on him along with the ox.

Live long Babu, live long!
This door remains joyful,
Where Mohan had played Holi
And the lone *Birhin's* world may be filled with colourful joy,
In the next Holi.
Whose pain was fathomed by Lakshimnath Gosai's eyes,
And had tears this time as well.

Those Kirtanias who request, 'whoever is alive shall play *faag*'
Remembered me a lot this time.
Was there a song where I didn't add my voice?

And,
Going through the lanes, those gangs of joyous people.
Laughing at everything said,
Shouting at everything said,
At everything said, throwing malice towards the nether world.
Rejecting clans and the bondage of hereditary.
Collecting so much energy in just a day,
Which can make life ecstatic, until the next year?
So, these joyous people sang a song this time:

"Who shall I play Hori with,
My beloved has gone to the foreign land"

They remembered me so much,
As if I am their beloved.
I was the joyous person,
Who gave philosophical angle to their artistry.

Remembered me…
My elder and younger sister-in-laws
That the songs they never heard,
Listened by them in my presence.

Remembered my aunts, grand aunts,
I Smeared with coloured powder on whose legs,
Which never got tired to send out pancakes
I used to ask for…
So joyously, so lovingly.

Baba remembered me a lot, how the last time
I decorated him with cap and coloured powder and sat him on the cot.
His splendid procession had gone quite brilliantly.
We, the four clowns, started the journey
Converted to a big rally from a small one
When came to the place of the goddess.
At times,
Sitting and lying on the cot, like a bier,
Baba laughed.
So much so that when
We hailed the lord *fagua* by shouting, "*Bolo bolo Fagua Maharaj ki...*"
then there was such a long note of "jaa......y"
the way Dhrupad is sung,
that to reach from "J" to "Y" we had passed half a kilometre.

Even during this *fagua*, Baba remained alive, thankfully,
But couldn't play *fagua*.
He remembered me for the whole day.

Raghubhai remembered me
This time he was so tight
That he could hardly manage
New clothes for the children.
Punditji, remembered that
This time the religious debate couldn't happen.

In it,
Who can say that,
Tara or Taranath didn't remember me?
She must have seen that in the crowded courtyard.
There is an empty corner.

Oh!
Couldn't go to the village because of my job this time.
And while being alive,
I was remembered by my village a lot this time.

Baba

You have now become really old, Baba!
Are you able to chew
Roti with those teeth?

Can you see in the night Baba?

Baba, you surely aren't able
to watch your characters
Without your glasses?

Are you able to sleep soundly, in the night?
Your digestive system won't be in order, is it?
Each and every part of your bones must be aching.
You don't have the strength to walk for a mile, isn't it?

You can't help it, Baba!
You have grown old
The era has gone
You can't help!

But how great you are Baba!
So many struggles!
So much reaction!
So much revolt!
So much fire!

Oh!
You're right Baba
The Age to fight against
Injustice
Never goes away.

Mandan Mishra

He was a vigourous
Forefather of lazy people.
Where would his successors keep him?

Since he was a tiger he fought with a tiger.
But how can they believe it.
How could he become a tiger
In the hereditary of a goat.

Great! Great!
Born within thousand years
His own children have pronounced him a goat.
And has tied him inside
Tiger's den.

Great! Great!
With great pomp has been written
His tiger lineage story
In that the tiger king was scripted as a sea of pity.
That he walked alongside the goat,
And gave him the abbotship as well.

By saying, you are right, you are right
The people were flattered.

Now, though it is said.
People from country-abroad
Researchers-discoverers are proving it again and again
But how can they believe it?

How can they believe the Kalyugi intellectuals of these days
Against the ancient tiger-narrative?

Great! Great!
Where the faith is above the conscience
And thought has disappeared
How can these people believe
The communication of facts-reasons?

How can they believe?

O Great Panchayat Raj!
Give house, give land
Give *Indira Awas*
O great *Panchayat Raj!*
My father, now the Mukhiya,
Babus, our servants.

Give wheat, give rice,
Give the share, a lot more.
O great Panchayat Raj
Father became the Pramukh,
Turn enemy homes to ashes.

Give truck, give car
Give a government, our side,
O great Panchayat Raj
Father became chairman
Give the rights deserved.

Globalization

The village shouts aloud its name
But who hears it?
The villagers.
Speak a little louder
The whole region should hear it.

A bit more louder
That the whole country can hear it.

Shout!
Even more louder, shout!
Let the whole world hear it.

What does the world means?
If you ask the professionals,
They'll say – America
Then let it only hear that,
Whatever the world is.

Whatever it has spoken
That is the only thing you've heard
And now, let your voice be heard.

Exert force!
Force!

A Hindi Newspaper

We should become sensible
After reading the Hindi Newspaper

The globe has become a village,
But not for us.
For us the globe means
Some neighbouring districts
Only.

Can take as much news as we want
Of lechery, of gossips,
Of smiles from the politicians-officers.

No one is born in Mithila yet:
A son of the soil,
A business hero,
A jack of all.
That is why,
We must read the Hindi Newspaper

But,
We should become sensible.

A Dialogue with a Legendary Poet

You were born with a perplexed soul
Poet Chandranath!
You had to become,
What you became in the end.

One or another misery fell on you
You digested them,
But how would you have digested
The burning of the soul over expression?
On the Burst of the perplexed soul?

They laughed and called you *Kavishwar*.
But, well done!
Even you didn't leave it at that!
You proved that you are indeed, a legendary poet.

They didn't understand
The power of the perplexed soul
Since they had no theory to be innovative
they weighed your bravery
with their fear.

You went
And went to be crowned.

You can see,
Even now, they don't understand,
And get angry from the depth of their heart.

On the other hand,
The new awakening,
standing on the door,
without been welcomed.
Without a seat or water.

Maithil Dalit-Discourse

As much Guruji's backbone weakened
Vidyapeeth was chaotic that much.

But, does it matter that I didn't like it?

That day,
Abbot was getting massaged
with a special kind of oily liquid
from own hands of Dalitesheshwar

But, does it matter that
I didn't like it?

That day Ajit Azad
Had done a program on Dalit question.
Dalit Question: Daliteshwar is not there to listen to that
Dalit Question: Abbot is not there to speak on that.

Still, I should thank Ajit
That he somehow managed it with Taranand Viyogi of Saharsa.

Why would I feel bad?

Dalit Felicitation

Even when I didn't do any direct harm to them
Whenever he wanted something from me
It was sinister only.
He brought such obstacles in front of me,
That the thing that was a race for others
Became an obstacle race for me
Even after that he was shouting
All the time on me.
That I am raised on reservation.
If he had fifty things against democracy,
His speech was never going to end,
on the large heartedness of Varna System
So much was he determined

Now,
When I have crossed the stream
After so much hard work
How to forget the mid struggle
How to forget the commitment?

No, no I don't want anything from them.
Neither their seat, nor honours.
Neither praise, nor a pat on the back.
You tell me, how can they honour me?
When they are standing on the old platform,
Even now.

No Sir, No!

No Sir, No! Absolutely not.
The way I carried my cursed past
On my shoulders, lying on one side,
Suffering punishment without any sin
Walking, moving, till now
I'll keep walking in the future too, the same way.
Will never want
To confront you directly
But yes, only if,
the condition of selection
remains in my hand.

Instead of working on my own field
Will I destroy your crop?
why would I do that ever?
Am I some Brahmin?
Or a Deity?

See,
I neither touched your *Manutantra*, nor your life stream.
All the *gair-majarua* mangos never got auctioned
That I'll go towards your homestead to relieve myself?
I never did any bad deeds
but you still say, you got hurt!
And that too where? In the backbone?

Get reduced
All the sins shall get reduced my lord.
The backbone of the dying civilization,
Does become weak.

When the leaf of Peepal is swaying
You feel as if there is thunderstorm.

I too live in this environment, that hurts you
I too live in Mithila Land, that hurts you.

No Sir, No!. Absolutely not,
I will never attack you.
But yes, only if,
the condition of selection
will remain in my hand.

Stand now the lord
Forget blows
Cast your vote.

Slippers

1

After walking thousand miles, ten thousand miles,
Reached here,
Now,
The pair of slippers is resting.

Though resting,
You cannot say,
That it is really resting.
It is not even a bit exhausted
And not even a bit tired.

See,
someone will say,
It has walked ten thousand miles!
If you ask it to walk, even now
It can still walk for twenty thousand miles

2

Who had kept these slippers like this?
In that purist way
Do you keep your slippers like that?
Who kept it?

No, no.
The feet would not have kept it like this.
Feet knows motion
How can it keep these slippers in that ‘condition’?

Watch,
Pairs and pairs, joined,
Decoratively kept, in front of each other.
As if measured by an inch tape,
And placed there.
Surely it is,
Some *Ramraji*'s mischief

Feet knows motion,
If it keeps, it will keep it in motion,
And often, the slippers kept, motionless.
Are kept for worshipping.

Everyone is tied to their business.
Those who have nothing to do with motion
Worship
The motionless slippers.

The Age of Religion

Making their faces
Sings Bhajans, the Bollywood,
Hare Rama, Hare Krishna.

Its fine, its fine.
The times of Bhajans have been over.
Now,
With the attraction towards made up faces
With the fashion of paralyzed dance,
Again is in the limelight,
The Bhajan.

Hail Religion!
Hail the Gods!

For Disillusionment

I never detested it.

The fruit that you are holding,
You think its apple,
Is no fruit at all.
The one grown on the cotton tree
Is not a fruit.

But you are holding it,
Grabbing it tightly.

I never detested it.

For disillusionment, faith is necessary.

Riot Prone

Since I recollect,
I never touched the feet of my Gods
Never sacrificed,
On the altar of Mahakali
Never circled around any religious place.
Never took a drop of nectar
Inside me.
No one has been a true believer
In this country anyway.
Since I recollect.
I always attempted
To be a true atheist, a true irreligious
Enlightened soul.

It happened a long time back.

Today,
When the pyre of Satan is burning in the human heart.
When that person has drunk the poisonous alcohol of malice.
This cannibalistic wolf
Has hunted a man's conscience
In its so called intimate view,
I'll be called a Hindu only.

The verse of Satan hovering
Taking a sword in the hand after reciting mantra.
I haven't even killed an ant.

But when the riot will break
They would want to see

In my hand an axe
And when the reaction will be born
On my neck, will fall
The first stroke of that axe.

On the margin of history
Where am I standing?
In which direction am I?
And this human smell?
What is burning?
My dear country?

How am I a Hindu?
Neither in the *Vedas*, nor in the secrets, discriminations
From wherever comes a cry of help
In its support I am there.
Neither in *Jantar* nor in *Mantar*
In the mind, whatever satisfies me, is logical,
inspires me.
Then, how am I a Hindu?

Neither in a Goddess nor in a God
Neither in a politician nor in a devotee
Neither in Caste, nor in religion
Neither in devotion nor in fate,
Then how am I a Hindu?

But, how does that matter?

They'll want that when I vote, I become a Hindu
In entering the house, breaking the skull, I become a Hindu
While beating the opponent, I become a Hindu
While reducing the liquor price, I become a Hindu.
Hindu, when fighting with the brotherhood.
Hindu, while dying, blown by a bomb.

In the name of religion
I never killed even an ant
Forget about sacrifice.
But,
When they'll provoke riots
For getting to the power
Will wake me up shouting
You are a Hindu, wake up
Your are a Hindu, wake up.

Do understand Mister
Am I asleep, that I'll wake up!
Think Mister
How am I a Hindu
That I'll be with them!

Believer

They don't worship
So much so that
They don't even keep the calendar
With Lord Bajrangi's photo in their bedrooms
No *tabeez* on their arms
Or ring in their finger
But if you ask them
They'll say –
We are pure believers, in deep believers

Song-dance-jumping-bouncing
They call them worship
No, no, they call them meditation

For gods-goddesses, Pandits and Purohits
They vomit fire at time to time
They consider temples and mosques
Equally useless

Laughing constantly,
Always confident,
If you put the weight of a whole mountain on them,
for friendship
They'll cross long paths
With the enjoyment of a donkey.
Eh,
Life keeps spreading out through their eyes all the time.
For the whole world
They feel indebted.

They feel fortunate to be alive,
that's fine,
But, they call death also a celebration.

Eh,
The whole planet Earth
Is watching them with,
A lot of love,
A lot of desire.

Goat
A sound from a faraway place
And the goat gets alerted

Stops eating the grass
And recollects
By turning its head all around
The sound.

The goat remembers
The voice of the dog.
It remembers that incident
When the last time
It had to face the dog.

The goat won't be making a nuclear bomb
Or a cellular phone.
It also won't be the director of Animal welfare ministry.
Only this remembrance is enough for it,
That whenever it listens to the dog, it recollects.

Then you'll say,
That the goat is unsecure!
Then you also say,
That who is not unsecure.
In this pious country?

O!
I sometimes want badly
That even to become a goat
Is no less enjoyable.

In the End 1857

Gujarat,
That walked once
With Gandhiji, step by step,
That same Gujarat
Is dancing on the tunes of Modiji

Maharashtra
Whose visionary Tilak Lokmanya
That moustache, that turban.
On Rakhi Sawant's waist, that Maharashtra
Says now – Go away, you are a Bihari!

Bengal
There is spread the Nandigram-arena
And here,
Delhi
Is shouting aghast, for nuclear deal.

And you, the one here
Who are forcefully bringing enlightenment.
O Country, be witty, be critical.

How can it be witty?
Is it conscious that it will be witty?

The country is still independent
How can it be witty just now?

Let us have all kinds of events
Then only, will come again
1857?

Forest Age

Won't exist, won't exist
Religion, caste, lineage, class
Won't exist.
But,
Lokayat too, won't exist, *Carvaca* too won't exist.

Won't exist, won't exist
Pompous *yajna* won't exist;
Shodshopcha – The sixteen constituents of worship
won't exist
But,
Salhes's home too, won't exist,
Bhagwati's, Dharmaraj's platform won't exist.

Won't exist, won't exist
The burning hearts,
creating upper-lower
won't exist
But,
Song on the lips
And, the emotion of the heart too, won't exist

Will see
There will be development, of village and village's

From Delhi-Ghaziabad, they'll come here.
In the village, they will say,
"Tere ko mere ko", in the Delhi dialect
Evil practices will be performed, in the homes itself.

Everyone would want to become rich,
Which means, ability to snatch all the happiness.
The rich will pull everyone's legs
For the greed of becoming the richest.

You'll see,
Everyone will develop
Why should anyone lag behind?

The Sepoy is watching the Mango Tree.

When a sepoy watches the mango tree,
How grotesque it looks?

The mango tree has no beehives,
That the sepoy would be greedy for extracting honey,
The mango tree has no mangoes,
That he will hatch a plan to ask the commoner for it
or will he grab it forcefully.
There are no monkeys on the mango tree,
That he would watch their games,
And hail lord Bajrangi.

Then why is the sepoy watching the mango tree?

Wearing his dress and cap,
A stick in his hand,
This bloody sepoy?
Mango tree?

Wake up Ho Jogilal, wake up.
Today that sepoy has seen your mango tree.

Nandigram Quintet

People awakened for the land, speaking on the face
In the hand of the populist, is here a rifle
Here a rifle, he shoots continuously
Burying the people in the ditch of Tata Birla.
Who once was the saviour of people, now is insolent.
Keep Shining King Bush – crowned, the country may go to hell.

That who became the king, by mobilizing the masses,
That only says angrily, the people are short-tempered
The people are short-tempered, don't listen to anything.
How is Bush guilty, it's the people here who are problematic?
The able managers of Marx, are now acting like a sycophant.
Come King, manage the crown, cook pulses in the village utensil.

In the village, people have farms, the farms are the only sustenance
Says the King, to people, leave without delay,
People, leave their farms without delay, and come in the company's barrack
Get their wages, and increase country's respect.
What kind of country that will be, where the people are nonentity?
Parliament is silent, look at the element of politics

People were silent till now, watching the game
Those with the people, are pick pocketing them.
Are pick pocketing them, the people will take them to task
They won't leave the farm, even by giving life.
In the camp of Tata Birla, there won't be any public.
Whoever will go there, being a coolie, why will they sell their country?

That is what I say, listen brother, know what is SEZ.
With whom are you, with Gandhi or the British?
Gandhi or the British, both are fighting each other.
The result won't come soon, the rivals, quite strong.
How will the people, land be saved, I lament thinking.
Gandhi and British are here too, that I am clearly seeing.

Good News Good News

When I got good news from somewhere
I thought
Great!
How beautiful the earth is!

The earth is no more beautiful
There are so many problems in this planet
But still the man is alive
some good news are still left to be heard.

When I got good news
I thought,
Great!
I am still alive.

Flood

Flood came, it got flooded
And, the villagers were uprooted
All around, bewilderment
Sadness spread everywhere.

Farms flooded, barns flooded
Flooded the food in the home,
The clay stove looks constantly,
The grinding stone cries vehemently.

Whom to see and save,
To save one's own life, is difficult
Crying, tied to the pole,
Gonu Jha's Cow.

Flood Relief

Sudesar drowned
Got one lakh
Murshid was bitten by a snake,
Got one lakh too,
Thakur died in a family brawl,
Also, got one lakh.

One lakh to one
Who died of hunger,
One lakh to that one,
Who died while relieving himself.

O Babu Jogilal,
Now
For the poor, only death is beneficial.

Flood Management

The dam broke, quite expected
The river current moving with a gusting sound

O! River Current
Why you show anguish on us innocent?
Even the next year, we'll be here
In the next to next as well.

O! River Current
If you have the power, go to the capital.

On the second floor, there is an A.C. Hall
Where there is going on,
A flood management meeting

The Mystery of Catastrophe: 2008

...When you'll go to your house Sahua
You'll conspire with Sahuji's mind
To forget the name of Kosika...

And, Sahuji really had forgotten.

Hundred years passed, two hundred years passed,
He had a contract with Kosi.
Kosi had doubts even then,
That when Sahuji will be secure in his comfort.
He will conspire with Sahuain
And, will unremember Kosi

But,
Sahuji had vowed
Even if I die Mother Kosi
Even if little life is left in me
I will still not forget your name...

He didn't die
Would he seize to live?
But quite conveniently, he forgot name of Kosi.

He forgot that his body
was sculptured with the soil of Kosi
He forgot that his traditions
Were kindled by the waters of Kosi
He learnt the harmony of life through the dance of lapping waters.
And, through its *tandav,* he invented Religion.

When one fawns
He sinks to obligations.

So see,
His children have forgotten to swim too.
They have only viewed dolphins and crocodiles
On National Geographic.

See! that poor Sahuji
Who always laughed
At the people of Kosi.
Whose only fault was that
They were wedged between the two dams.
He laughed at them,
For defecating the Kosi's edge.

That's why I said,
When one fawns
Sinking is inevitable

❖❖❖

On whose intelligence did
Sahuji trust his confidence?

On whose provocation he surmounts his courage
That at the place where of Kosi was extremely deep,
He built a duplex?

In Pre-history
Precisely where Ranu Sardar wooed Kosi.
Sahuji started a factory.

On whose wit Sahuji trust his confidence?

In free India's vested pursuits
To whom does Sahuain belong?
If certitude of bends often fail
Can then Sahuj trust his mind?

When one Sahuain goes, another one enters
When she too departs
A third arrives.

This country has been bartered, good sir.
In this vicious whirlpool of Sahuain
You may call her "Netaji Netaji"
But in reality she is
Sahuji's Wife,
Who'll like a bull after the election,
Will the turf, devour.

Ho Ranu!
On whose footstep the Kosi flows,
How can they sleep without worrying...
But Sahuji sleeps unperturbed,
Confident of his self-assured Leader.

Had he trusted the Nilgai or the forest boar,
A bull or a wild cat, if he had faith
In a donkey or a buffalo,
He would not have seen this day.

Ants too,
Or *Garai* fish, or *Chenga* are that much alert,
That if they had given an assurance
Dare I ask,
Would so much silt have collected inside the dam?

Singhi with its blades would have sliced the silt,
Haril and Quail would have
scooped it with their beaks.

Had he trusted
the birds and the fish,
would he have built
a three storied edifice
with the Kosi flowing
at the measure of five men
standing atop one another
while Kosi weeps on the
heaps of the sand?

On whose assurance did you build Sahuji
On the leader's crew?

When the leader says, "Mango"
The engineers across the state

Repeat, "Mango Mango"
And if the leader will say, "blackberry"
Then like a pack of jackals the experts howl –
"Plum Plum Plum"
And you had faith in these people?
So much faith?

Why did I plant, the blackberry and mango saplings?
Why did I grow bamboo shoot?
For whom?...

Is it something to ask about?
He must have planted it
For his own delight?
But who denied him that pleasure?

Who swept away
The dividends of
Hundred years, two hundred years?
Who belaboured him in the ditch?

Think Sahuji,
At least now, think!

❖❖❖

But with which reasoning
Does Sahuji think?
Which mouth will he use to speak?

Did he even had a little compassion
For the one that bore him as a child
From whose womb he had taken life
Did he ever reflect, how kosi
Lived through the time
From the west a Moghul arrived,
Checking the flow of Kosi,
Such an impregnable dam that Moghul built,
Not even a needle could pierce,
He never paid heed to the Hindus or Turk.
Forced each to build the dam
Raja Shiv Singh in the loft
He too had to do that job.

In this way *Kosika* was bound
Wailing unstopped, Kosi wrote letters,
To each of her sister:
Beseeching Ganges
Beseeching Jamuna
Beseeching Kamla
Each of the Sisters read those letters
And cried unceasingly.

The banks were damped
By their tears,
Shed in sorrow
At their sisters plight

But no one could do a thing,
All were rendered powerless
The dam the Moghul built was all too firm,
That not a pin could pierce it.
For the Kosi to start her natural flow
Was too great a deal.

Kosi cried aloud year after year
O sister Ganga, reclaiming I moan upon my bank
O sister Jamuna, all my verve is failing,
And my troubled mind
Fills the edge of sand.

The days gone by,
She remembers her enchantable flow
She recalls that bygone era, that bygone esteem,
And chokingly sobs at her fate.

Her tears flowed in uncontrollably
Sometimes, it broke the eastern dam,
On other the western.
But tell me, when did Sahuji listen to the futile cries of Kosi?
Or the omnipotent Sahuain?
Tell me that?

Despite all this,
The poets kept writing their poems.

The trouble maker Kosi got its penalty
Handcuffed,
And hushed into prison,
And Is pushed inside the jail.
Say brother Ram-o-Ram ho brother
Nothing as heartless as Kosi...

Right, no one is as heartless,
But, it is for Sahuji's reflect,
Who is it that is more heartless
Kosi or Sahuain?

It is for Sahuji to resolve
The Mystery of Catastrophe

Year after Year, Gandhi Killed

This year too, Gandhi died,
I also got relaxed.

Eh!
For sixty years
He has bothered me.

Again and again, I regretted
Oh!
I couldn't become Gandhi.
Even after being born in Gandhi's country.
I couldn't become Gandhi.

This time when Gandhi died
My mind has relaxed.
Risen again, the hope
That people will think,
What after Politicianism?
What?
Maoism?
Publicism?
Cowism?
Buffaloism?
What?
What after politicianism?

I feel, people will
think now, surely.

They'll have to think.

Gandhiji

In the meeting,
In front of the officers of the whole district,
Today, that dacoit Collector
Insulted me, by calling me ‘Gandhiji’.
Spit on me, intolerably.

Not just that, that he insulted me
I also thought that
I have been spit on, without defense.

With Gandhi’s thought, his policies
I have many differences,
That is one thing.
From Jawahar Lal to Atal Bihari
Shouted in my ears, day and night,
That with Gandhism
It’s not possible
For the country to get it’s salvation,
Or for my conscience to get uplifted.
That, I felt,
I got insulted, deeply.

But whatever you say, dear brother
The bitter-sweet days,
of the twentieth century, are gone.

I hear day and night
That the new century has arrived.
I see all around with open eyes, myself
That there is no third way left.

Today, either you're Gandhiji
Or a Britisher

If you want to create something new,
If you want to save the earth,
The people on the earth,
You will be called, with contempt,
Gandhiiji only

I am getting prepared
You also start preparing

The Sadness of Buddha
After thirty five years, Budhha is back,
In between, lived in the prison of Patna Museum

Thirty years ago, he resided in the stream of *Manua*.
Now, he resides in the furnace of Karu Museum.

A signboard,
Hanging, in front of his body.
That he was recovered from stream of Manua

Culture,
In which *Jhumka,* gets recovered from Dumka
And *Kanbali* from Kashi
If Buddha gets recovered from the stream of Manua
Is it surprising?

Through different ways
People express their smallness,
And Buddha is sitting,
Eyes closed,
Inert.

Buddha, now,
Has to suffer a lot more sadness,
It seems.

Pundits have tried hard,
That Buddha goes back to the Manua river bank.

Royal highnesses are affected by
The claims of Hindu and Hindus'

First, a temple will be built near Manua.
Where Buddha will be called
Kalbhairav or *Sheetala Mai.*
And get worshipped.

When the discovered discovery
Will be discovered, again
by the archaeologists.
That he is not *Sheetala Mai*, but Gautama Buddha
Again he will be buried in the stream of Manua.

Who knows when again
He'll get out from the bed of Manua's stream,
And reach the prison of Patna Museum.
When again.

And, in the End, Mithila

In the base of my conscience
Grew these trees with shade
Whose each stem, leaves I cut and fed to the animals

I wore Raja Shiv Singh's turban
Like a loin cloth, in my solitude.
In my solitude
I never wanted to hear my own voice.

Mithila was throned
In my heart-mind entirely
But I was so full of vices
That I kept scratching and scratching my body-soul
And threw it like a sacrificial wood
into the flame of unconsciousness.

Whole world, whole country
Whole society
Has worshipped my unconsciousness.
But, it's the travesty of this time.
That the broken, dejected Mithila
Is shivering inside my own soul
Like a pipal leaf all the time.

In this time of globalization
Everyone is worshipping
my unconsciousness.

However, you can see,
If I had made paintings of my own foot
Being smeared with vermillion,
And hanged it all around my room
That could have become,
a reason of my awakening,

Hey Sita
Whether from desire or anger,
From attachment or fear
From love or hate
If anyone can cross the line of conscience
only you'll cross it, Sita.
Ravan can never.

Let the deity make you believe it
Let science give you assurance